

PAST AND PRESENT OF DeFUNKIAK CHAUTAUQUA

Improvements Needed if the Annual Winter Meeting Would Be Retained at its Present Location.

Editor Pensacola Journal:

The twenty-first year of this great institution is now nearing its close. Its conception was by Maj. W. J. Van Kirk, heartily seconded by Capt. W. D. Chipley, T. T. Wright and C. C. Banfill, two of whom have passed over, and the other relegated.

The location is most fortunate. The exact center of the P. & A. division of the great L. & N. system made it possible for the railroad to give it exceptional advantage, while insuring to its own benefit.

That the early management was inclined to foster DeFunkia beyond any other center of West Florida, was apparent, and but for that fact together with the establishment of the state normal school, neither the Chautauqua nor the town of DeFunkia could have been a success.

The patronage of all points east and west of DeFunkia has been unselfishly bestowed, and whilst all sections have been greatly benefited by the Chautauqua, there has been a progress, and advancement among the masses, greater than the advance in DeFunkia, or the Chautauqua. Nature never prepared a more beautiful spot of ground for such an institution, but what has been done to beautify these grounds in these twenty-one years? The town of DeFunkia has grown, and the enterprise of its citizens is shown in its survival of two great conflagrations, but it is currently reported, and largely believed, that there is a great chasm between a large number of its best people and the Chautauqua management. This ought not to be. How it is or why it is, we know not, but it marks

a crisis in the future of both the place and the Chautauqua. West Florida is by no means dependent upon this one point for the support of a Chautauqua. Some of us have marvelled at the forbearance of our metropolis in not asking for such an institution in Pensacola.

Her greatly increased tourist travel would make any of her suburbs a delightful place for a winter Chautauqua, and her numerous and excellent hotels and boarding houses would be a great advantage over one principal hotel, operated largely in the interest of a principal stockholder of Chautauqua. The building of the A. & F. R. R. whether it connects with the main line at Marianna or is extended via Greenwood and Dellwood to a junction at Grand Ridge would make a most desirable location at one of several growing towns near the east end of the L. & N. railroad. Whether it would be a safe investment for the DeFunkia people and the and would not write these lines but to increase the capital stock of the Chautauqua, and make numerous and large improvements, and divide the honors and labors of the Chautauqua, is for its present management alone to decide, but this, and this alone, and in the mind of many beside the writer, will save the Chautauqua at DeFunkia. There has not been a single item of change in the Chautauqua buildings, or grounds, since their completion at the end of the second year, and in these twenty years there is scarce a family in West Florida that lives in the same unimproved house that he occupied then, and therefore it is not strange that a less number of people are attending than ten years ago, and that now with a forced attendance.

By including the admittance fee within the railroad ticket, yet a less proportion of those going, are seen in the auditorium, and a greatly increased attendance of colored people.

The writer is a friend of the DeFunkia Chautauqua, and wishes it sustained at DeFunkia, and has no "ax to grind," and no other point to offer, and would not write these lines but to call attention to what seems to be an important matter for all West Florida, and now at the close of this session when it will not detract from the present session, and a year before another. We afford large opportunity for change. More might still be said.

Yours,
"EAST END."

Don't Borrow Trouble

It is a bad habit to borrow anything but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When sick, sore, heavy, weary and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Here you will find sure and permanent relief of all your troubles, and your body will not be burdened by a load of debt disease. At all drugists Price 50c. Guaranteed.

Muscles In Tension

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs less and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much, where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The baker who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in his legs.

The blacksmith is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier, after a march, is especially tired in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The oarsman who is in perfect training after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and insteps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

A Nightmarish Recruit.

A bachelor whose skill at getting up dainty supper dishes assures him plenty of company in the evenings is responsible for a substitute for the Welsh rabbit that is free from nightmare. He covers lightly toasted bread with finely grated cheese and instead of slipping it in the oven places it beneath the flame of the gas broiler until the cheese has been toasted a light brown.

If a good cream cheese is used there is not the slightest suggestion of sogginess or greasiness, and even those to whom a rabbit means a night of troubled dreams may indulge in this with no fear of evil consequences.

The trick lies in the grating of the cheese. Broken into bits, it would melt into a pasty mass. Finely divided, each particle should be individually toasted before it has a chance to melt down, and in that state it is readily assimilated.—New York Press.

A Puzzle.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson get married for? Miss Washtub—Goodness only knows! He keeps right on workin'—Puck.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—Beattie.

Startling

results in the quick relief of PAIN—whether caused by local injuries, or disorder of any of the internal organs—are obtained by using **HAMLINS WIZARD OIL.**

Some of the pains which it most promptly and successfully cures, are rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, earache, toothache, sprains, burns, scalds, cuts, colic, etc.

This great curative medicine is a pleasant, safe, and certain remedy for internal and external use, which never fails to relieve and cure. Nothing else like it. At drugists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Fully guaranteed.

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RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolutions of respect passed by Magnolia Temple No. 4, Rathbone Sisters, Pensacola, Fla., 1905.

Whereas, God in His allwise providence, has seen best to call from earth to heaven our beloved Bro. Gus Lawrence. Therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That while we mourn the loss of our brother it is not for us to question the wisdom of God's will, but to accept this dispensation with humility.

Resolved 2d. That in the death of Bro. Lawrence Magnolia Temple has lost a good member, a willing worker, a cheerful giver.

Resolved 3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the record and a copy published in The Pensacola Journal.

Resolved 4th. That our Charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Respectfully submitted in P. L. E. F.

MRS. P. M. SMITH.

MRS. EMMA CLUTTER.

MRS. J. T. PULLIAM.

Committee.

Full of Tragic Meaning.

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from this terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieved and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At all drugists; guaranteed; 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

BAND CONCERTS

Prof. Chaffers' band will give free band concerts every Tuesday and Friday evenings in the Escambia Hotel yard. The public is cordially invited.

BAY EXCURSION

Saturday, April 8, to the Life Saving Station and the Gulf. Benefit Library of Public School No. 1. The Monarch will leave Palafox wharf 9:30, returning 5 p. m. Refreshments. Fare, 25 cents.

DEWEY DAY PICNIC

A Dewey Day celebration will occur on May 1st at Kupfrian's Park under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, when horse races and sports of all kinds can be seen.

JAS. McHUGH, President.

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TERSELY TOLD

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Hondrix & Carpenter will furnish estimates on building and painting and give personal attention to work. 932 E. Strong, and 224 East LaRue street.

McKizle Oertling & Co., wholesale and retail ship chandlers and grocers, the only first-class house of the kind in Pensacola. Fair prices to all.

Stationery—Always up-to-date. Everything selected in view of offering the very best values. C. V. Thompson, 34 South Palafox.

JERSEY SWEET CREAM AT SOLOMON'S. BY QUART OR GALLON.

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Read The Journal's Want Ads.

BERT'S STRATEGY

By RUTH SANTELLE

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Bertie Temple came hurriedly up the steps with a purposeful look in his usually dreamy eyes that elicited a murmur of surprised comment from the nearest groups on the hotel piazza. He made straight for the corner where Dorothy Vane was holding merry court. Mayhap it was rude to interrupt Upright's best story, but the fair lady lifted questioning eyes, and Bertie plunged into the hostile masculine circle.

"If you please, Miss Dorothy, I should like to beg a few moments' conversation—private, if I may make so bold."

Perhaps it was for the reason that this frank request, made with such apparent confidence in its being granted, sounded so unlike diffident, self-deprecatory Bertie that her woman's curiosity was aroused. At any rate, the furious swains received a gracious but aggregate smile for their kindness, and Miss Dorothy was borne away down the moonlit piazza on the arm of that vandal, Temple.

"I'm in a deuce of a hole, Dollie," began Bertie, low and hurriedly. "I can't tell anybody else, but I know you'll help a fellow out. It's that Miss Simpkins—oh, I suppose it sounds frightfully caddish—but I should think you must have seen! Encouraged by my childlike countenance to take advantage, like all the others!"

"Most unhappy infant!" interrupted Dorothy, with a sympathetic pat on his white flannelled sleeve. "You have had our united commiserations for a week. If that amiable splinter harbors no design upon your innocent head appearances are indeed misleading. Only don't, I beseech you, ask me to abuse a faithful conscience by hiding her false front or anything like that."

"No, Dollie, I have my plan—amazingly simple and, I think you'll admit, rather clever." Then he added, with a sharp glance from the corners of his eyes, unobserved by the smiling maiden, "And if you'll only say yes, Dollie, we ought to be able to get some fun out of it thrown in."

"Dare you mystery," came the animated command.

"It's just this: The old, old bore but-tohoned me after dinner tonight and whispered laughingly that she'd discovered the music room window behind the portieres was the most heavenly place to watch the moonlight on the waves and that she was going to feast her soul there this evening and—oh, you know the sort of stuff! Of course it would be the most natural thing in the world for me to forget it if I had persuaded my fiancée to sit with me just outside the window." He stopped suddenly as they reached the corner of the east piazza, caught both the girl's hands and held them for an instant.

"Dollie, will you be engaged to me for an hour, just to save a fellow from the clutches?"

Dorothy's head went high, the scent of battle in her delicate nostrils. During the barely perceptible hesitation her mind held the picture of a recent day when she had been cheated out of an afternoon's sailing with the adorable Freddie Burton by Miss Simpkins' meddling.

"I'll do it, Freddie," she whispered in gay excitement.

A moment later Mr. Temple was seated in his fiancée's room, beneath the wide, dark music room window.

"Ah, Dollie mine," he breathed in admirably love-like tones, while the young lady thus possessively sufficient half suppressed hysterical giggles, "at last I have you to myself and away from all those smirking cads that cluster around you as if they had the right. The right is mine now, isn't it, sweetheart?"

"Yes," very faintly.

Thus encouraged, the happy lover drew nearer and availed himself of two tempting white hands. Miss Dorothy removed them from his tender clasp with vehemence. "Now, Bertie, how many times have I to tell you?"

There was just the tiniest rustling within the window.

"Dollie," he whispered, "you mustn't forget we're engaged!"

The hands resigned themselves limply to the inevitable.

"I hope you realize, dearest"—the voice became audible again, and Dorothy was surprised to notice how pleasantly caressing Bertie's voice could be—"that you have made me the happiest man alive. I've never wanted anything as I have wanted this, and now—oh, girlie, it's almost unbelievable yet! Tell me again that it's so; that you truly love me!"

Dorothy's eyes opened wide in the darkness. Bertie Temple making love in this magnificent fashion! It was almost thrilling.

"Why, of course I do, silly. You know it without my repeating it over and over as if I had nothing else to say."

"Do what, sweetheart?" mischievously.

Again a suggestion of movement on the other side of the window.

Bertie pressed the captive hands warningly. "Please," he whispered. "She's there, listening. You promised. We'll both be in for it if you fail now."

"Well, then behave!" she retorted under her breath. "Just this once, mind." Then a little louder, but unsteadily, "Do I love you, Bertie," she said.

"Oh, my little girl, my little girl!" he said huskily, holding the hands tighter than ever. "I said I was happy before, but I've never been absolutely so until this minute. Why, Dollie! You remember we were interrupted last night, and you've never let me kiss you. It's 'Yes,' isn't it, dear?" leaning very close.

"Why, Bertie Temple, I should say not! Of all the mean, deceiving advantage taking tricks"—She paused breathless, her voice quivering with wrath.

But Bertie clung desperately to her hands. "Dollie, don't spoil it all!" in a beseeching whisper. "We'll never hear the last of it!"

She sank back weakly.

"Oh! I—I—it's so very new, you know. I'm not accustomed to it yet. You—you are not angry with me, dear?"

"Angry with you? Never as long as I—"

"Of course I didn't mean that. But anyway you mustn't surprise me so violently. It might make me like you less. No, I guess I'd better not let you tonight, just for punishment. No—I-well! If you're going to feel so heart-broken, just one very tiny one right here," indicating the tip of a rosy ear.

The elaborate performance was hardly concluded when a small, agitated voice came very close to Mr. Temple's own auditory member.

"Bertie! I'm positive I smell fresh cigar smoke! Do you suppose any one is listening round the corner? I shall simply die."

The answer came from an unexpected quarter. Out of the dusk of the low music room window stepped the youthful, immaculate figure of Miss Dorothy's brother Bob.

"Hello, you two!" he greeted genially, but with carefully modulated voice. "I didn't mean to listen more than a minute, but it was too good a chance to learn how. I knew you'd not mind so much, being all in the family. But, seriously, old man, I'm no end glad! Rather have you for a brother than any fellow I know—though I had a suspicion that Dot made a practice of refusing you about once a week. And here's my most brotherly kiss for the maiden—not on the ear, either." And Bob beamed gleefully on one and then the other, a man who had risen to accept his felicitations with quiet dignity and a girl who stood with both hands pressed to a palpitating breast.

"This will just about sign your release on the Simpkins' question, won't it, Bertie?" continued the garrulous Bob. "By the bye, that cheerful skeleton came tiptoeing into the music room just before you two obscured my outlook and left with obvious reluctance on discovering me. I suppose it's registered to my discredit, but I hadn't the moral courage to resign the window seat in her favor."

Dorothy's hands suddenly covered her face, but not in time to quench a little gasping sound that was not more than half laughter.

Bertie took one step to her side and threw a protecting arm across the bent shoulders. Under that shelter a fluttering little heart was proclaiming: "She did come! It was the truth and not a joke to make me wretched! I could never have married a man who would lie to me!"

"Dot must be weeping to think how cut up old lady Simpkins will be," ventured Bob, "and nervous, I suppose, at being interrupted so suddenly. Never mind, little girl. I'll go right away and never tell a soul. Only she might show brother her new ring—or is it all so very new that the ring hasn't arrived yet?"

"So new that the ring was about to be produced when you appeared," replied Bertie in a very deep voice, taking Dorothy's left hand and slipping something very quickly on to her finger.

"Oh!" she cried, with a quaver of delight; then she sat down very abruptly, leaning forward to let the moonlight sparkle on the beautiful stone.

For once in his life Bob showed sufficient discretion to steal noiselessly away.

She sat very still, absently turning the emerald this way and that, watching the flash of changing colors; then, with a shaky little sigh, she slipped it off and held it toward him. "It's very lovely, Bertie. I guess the girl you bought it for won't mind my having it on for a few minutes. Aren't you going to tell me who she is, Bertie? We've been pretty good friends, you know."

Straight and tall he stood before her. "Yes, Dollie, I am going to tell you who she is," he answered slowly, then dropped on one knee and slipped the ring back on the finger from which she had removed it. "She is you, you, you," he whispered, "and no one else in the wide world. May it stay there, my Dollie!"

"Bertie," and her eyes grew luminous with wonder, "do you mean that you still care after I have refused you—oh, I don't like to think how many times? But I never knew how nice you could be."

"You never gave me the chance," he answered happily, "so I had to try strategy."

Not in His Line.

The sexton of a certain parish church would brook no interference with what he was pleased to call his "special duties."

"Every man to his trade, sez I," he would remark. "Let the parson do the parson's an' I'll do the rest."

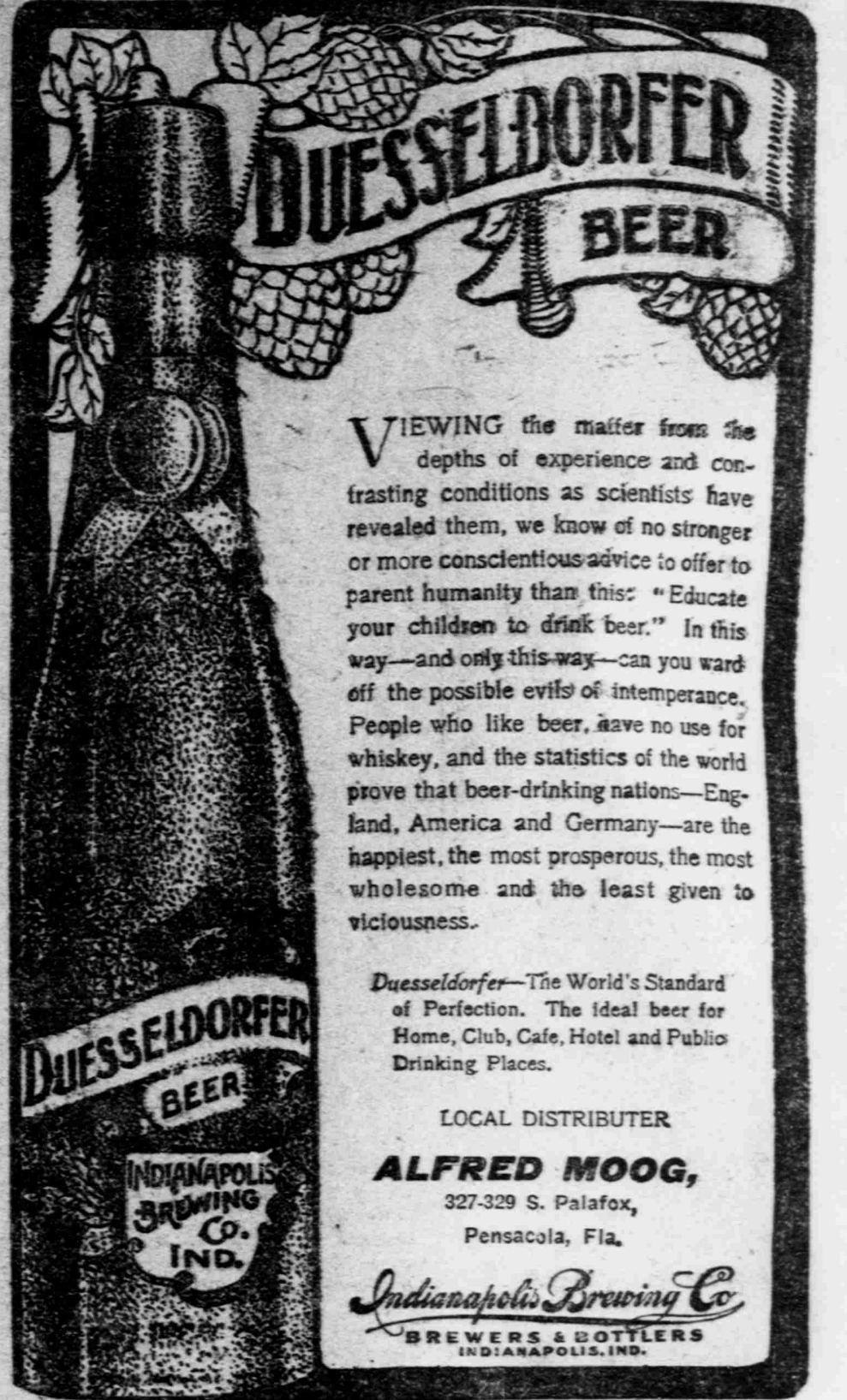
On one occasion the vicar was of the opinion that John was neglecting his duties.

John, who was not wanting in wit, strenuously denied the charge and said that he was "not goin' to stand no meddlin'" with his affairs.

"But, John," said the vicar, "it behooves everybody to mind his p's and q's."

"Everybody but me," retorted John, refusing to be cornered. "P's an' q's is nowt 'o' my line. I've enough to do to mind the keys and pewa."—London Telegraph.

Read The Journal's Want Columns.



DUESSELDORFER BEER

VIEWING the matter from the depths of experience and contrasting conditions as scientists have revealed them, we know of no stronger or more conscientious advice to offer to parent humanity than this: "Educate your children to drink beer." In this way—and only this way—can you ward off the possible evils of intemperance. People who like beer, have no use for whiskey, and the statistics of the world prove that beer-drinking nations—England, America and Germany—are the happiest, the most prosperous, the most wholesome and the least given to viciousness.

Duesseldorf—The World's Standard of Perfection. The ideal beer for Home, Club, Cafe, Hotel and Public Drinking Places.

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Georgia, Florida and Alabama Railway Co. Carrabelle, Tallahassee and Georgia Railroad Co. Schedule Taking Effect March 19, 1905.

No. 3	No. 1	Stations	No. 2	No. 4
AM	AM	LV. (C. of G. Ry.)	AM	AM
7:50	12:20	Atlanta	7:35	7:55
11:10	3:45	Macon	12:50	4:35
8:20	6:05	Columbus	7:45	6:55
2:04	6:25	Americus	10:25	1:46
2:30	6:25	Smithville	9:59	1:29
3:20	7:02	Dawson	9:23	12:35
11:10	7:50	Montgomery	7:50	12:50
4:55	8:00	Euflaula	8:43	4:55
4:00	7:37	Cuthbert	8:43	11:55
PM	AM	LV. (G. F. & A. Ry.)	PM	AM
4:05	7:50	Cuthbert	3:30	11:25
3:50	7:45	Albany (C. R. R.)	9:00	11:44
2:00	7:00	Cordele (A. & N. Ry.)	1:25	1:25
5:12	9:05	Arlington	7:00	10:10
5:42	9:33	Damascus	6:32	9:47
6:10	9:59	Colquitt	6:10	9:23
6:23	10:11	Babcock	5:36	9:09
7:02	10:55	Bainbridge	5:10	8:22
7:42	11:37	Attapulgus	4:25	7:46
8:09	12:04	Hinson	4:09	7:29
8:55	12:55	Tallahassee	3:25	6:35
No. 37	No. 1	(C. T. & G. R. R.)	No. 2	No. 38
AM	PM	LV. Tallahassee	PM	PM
8:00	2:00	Arran	1:30	5:00
9:18	2:50	Sopchoppy	12:39	2:53
10:00	3:14	Lanark	12:16	3:11
10:45	3:45	Carrabelle	11:45	2:29
11:10	3:55	Apalachicola (via Boat)	11:30	2:09
	7:00	Apalachicola	6:30	
AM	PM	(S. A. L. East)	PM	PM
4:00	1:53	Tallahassee	3:10	10:00
5:30	3:17	Monticello	3:25	9:30
5:52	3:54	Madison	12:55	8:15
6:52	4:50	Live Oak	11:56	7:29
7:52	5:36	Lake City	11:10	6:13
10:50	7:40	Jacksonville	9:05	4:09
PM	PM	(S. A. L. Ry. West)	PM	PM
3:20	LV.	Tallahassee	1:48	
4:15	LV.	Quincy	12:59	
5:05	LV.	River Junction (L. & N. R. R.)	12:20	
6:00	LV.	Marianna	11:25	
6:37	LV.	Chipley	10:47	
8:12	LV.	DeFunkia Springs	9:35	
10:05	LV.	Milton	7:39	
10:50	LV.	Pensacola	7:00	

No. 2 Connects at Smithville with Central of Georgia Sleeper for Atlanta
No. 4 Connects at Smithville with Central of Georgia Chair car for Atlanta.

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